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## SUBJECTS OF REFLECTION.

The only man of one thousand who survived from the *Ville de Paris* which foundered in the storm in which so many gallant vessels were lost with all their crews, was one Wilson, a seaman, who was found insensible upon a piece of the wreck. Such was the singular fate of this man, who appearing to be exceedingly deficient both of the exertion and courage peculiar to seamen, yet was destined, unconsciously, to escape that destruction which swallowed up two noble ships with their brave and numerous companies.

All Ostend is in tears—200 persons were sunk and only 20 saved. One circumstance deserves to be recited. A woman was this morning taken out of the water. It was perceived, however, on undressing her, that there was a palpitation in the womb. A surgeon was called in, who performed the *cæsarean* operation and drew forth an infant who accord-

ing to all appearance is very likely to live.

A Non-commissioned officer, who saw there was no probability of saving his wife, snatched the child out of her arms, and with it plunged in despair into the sea. For two hours he supported himself on a piece of wood with one of his arms, and held the child all that time above the water, with the other. At last when his strength had entirely failed him, he was saved by a boat, but the child died in the space of two hours.

The prospect was rendered more dismal by the black stormy clouds which appeared as if collected to hide us from the compassionate eye of providence. But as commander, said Riou, in the shipwreck of the *Guardian*, I consider it in the first place my duty to look to the safety of the people, and then comes the consideration of my own. I will do my endeavours to effect them both. (This is the sublime in conduct.)

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## GLENDRUID BY MOONLIGHT.

How still! how solemn all! Nature's  
asleep,  
And this is but her dream, pensive and  
sad,  
As those that fill the brain of love-lorn  
maids,  
When on the midnight couch, they seem  
to see  
All the dear scenes that fill'd their waking  
souls.—  
Sweet shines the moon, the stars are  
bright, the sky  
Has scarce a cloud to hide its sable hue,  
Save where they slowly move o'er Cyn-  
thia's face,  
That lovelier shines thro' that transparent  
veil,  
Than when, in cloudless lustre, she looks  
down

Majestic on this earth, and pours her  
beams  
O'er hill and dale, thick grove, and wind-  
ing stream,  
Spreading a second day-light o'er the  
scene.—  
How awful is this silence! not a sound  
Comes o'er mine ear, save of the braw-  
ling brook,  
That ever echoes in this lonely glen:  
Unless, perchance, I catch the mournful  
howl  
Of distant watch-dog at the full-orb'd  
moon,  
Or fox-cub yelping in yon rocky dell.—  
On such a night, when all around inspires  
A solemn-pleasing sadness to the soul,  
I love to ramble to yon ruin'd church,  
And meditate in silence on the graves;  
Or wandering pensive thro' the haunted  
aisles,

Muse on the mouldering wall, with ivy  
clad,  
And say, Thus fades the glory of this  
world.\*  
'Thus shall the conqueror's brow, with  
laurel bound,  
Drop to its kindred dust:—towns, cities  
states,  
Kingdoms, and empires, all shall fade  
like these.

C.E.

## FRIENDSHIP.

O! Heav'n-born Friendship, how I oft  
have long'd  
To feel thy softest kindest influence;  
But still deceiv'd, and cheated of my  
hope!  
Thou dear, delightful interchange of mind,  
Sweetest and best of boons by Heaven be-  
stow'd  
On man, when shall I taste thee unalloy'd  
By this world's dross? Where is thy foun-  
tain pure,  
Whose limpid wave can wash my cares  
away?

Oh! shall I ever in this faithless world  
Find one true soul, one honest, steadfast  
mind,  
To whom I fearless may unlock my heart,  
And pour out every thought without re-  
serve,  
Each secret wish and feeling as they rise?

How dreadful to live single, and cut off  
From all the sympathies that sweeten life!  
To look around, and find the busy haunts  
Of men, a wilderness, a dreary vale,  
Where all are strangers to the heart's soft  
tents!

Is there a man whose soul is form'd to  
feel  
Those pure, those dear delights, friend-  
ship alone  
Can give, (the image of Angelic bliss),  
O! let me look upon his Heavenly face,  
And mark the traces of superior being.

See the cold worldlings, still intent on  
gain,  
Hear their professions, listen how they  
call  
Each man their friend, yet friendship never  
know.  
No Damon offers now to pledge his  
life

\* "Sic transit gloria mundi."

For his lov'd friend, no faithful Pythias  
now,  
Redeems that pledge so generously giv'n.  
All now are bent on gold, friendship's no  
more,  
But fled with virtue back again to heav'n.  
C.E.

## LOVE.

"Age, jam meorum  
Finit amorum."

AND shall I never can you mine?  
And must I all my hopes resign?  
Was it for this soft wishes sto  
In silent rapture thro' my soul?  
Was it for this that beaming eye,  
First taught my breast to breathe a sigh!  
Was it for this I saw that face,  
So rich with nature's loveliest grace?  
For this I heard these accents sweet,  
With virtue, sense, and taste replete?

'Tis done;—the dream of bliss is o'er,  
And I must view these charms no more;  
No more must gaze upon that eye,  
And tell my feelings by a sigh;  
No more must watch each lovely grace,  
That beams upon that Angel face;  
No more must hear those accents sweet,  
That once forbade my heart to beat:  
Fancy's delusive dream is gone,  
And I am left to weep alone.

Seductive hope first bade me try  
The changes of a summer's sky;  
Allur'd my humble bark from shore,  
To tempt the seas where tempests roar;  
Then left me to the lawless wind,  
Without one ray to cheer my mind:—  
The thunders roar, the billows roll.  
Despair sits heavy on my soul.

Dec. 13, 1811.

C.E.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

[F the following verses (which were  
never before offered for publication,) seem  
worthy a place in your excellent Maga-  
zine, you will greatly oblige a constant  
reader by inserting them. The author had  
not completed her fourteenth year, when  
she wrote them; and fearing that the sub-  
ject was too grave to suit the taste of the  
generality of readers, she was diffident in  
submitting her production to public in-  
spection. She now, however, offers it to  
your consideration, conscious that if it be